

## TREY OF HEARTS.

He had acquired a long cut over one eye, but shallow, upon which blood had dried, together with a bruised and swollen cheek that was badly scratched to boot. And what simple articles of clothing remained to him, after his strenuous experiences of the last forty-eight hours, had been reduced to even greater simplicity; his shirt, for example, now lacked a sleeve that had been altogether torn away at the shoulder.

"No!" he told her, as soon as he saw her wits were awake once more—"don't waste time pitying me. I'm all right—and so is Alan! That's the main thing for you to understand; he's still alive and sound!"

"But where is he? Take me to him!" she demanded, rising with a movement of such grace and vigor that it seemed hard to believe she had ever known an instant's weariness.

"That's the rub," Barcus confessed, squatting on the sands and knocking his hair. "I desent take you to him. Judith might object. Besides, you can see for yourself it isn't safe to mingle with the inhabitants of this tight little island—and you can't get to where Alan is without mingling considerably. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it, and we'll try to figure out what's best to be done. Maybe we can manage a rescue under cover of night."

And when the girl had settled herself beside him he launched into a detailed report.

"It's Katana Island, all right," he announced, "but a change has come over the place since I visited it some years ago. Then it was a community of simple-hearted villagers and fishermen; now, unless all signs fail, it's a den of smugglers. I noticed a number of Chinese about; and that, taken in connection with the fact that, when I ventured to introduce myself to the village glumfll and ask a few innocent questions, the entire population, to a child, landed on me like a thousand bricks—the two circumstances made me think we'd stumbled on a settlement of earnest workers at the gentle art of helping poor Chinamen evade the exclusion laws."

With a wry smile, he pursued: "As for me, I landed out back of the joint, on the saps of my neck, and took the count, surrounded by a lot of unsympathetic boxes and barrels that had been better days. And when I came to and started to crawl unostentatiously away, I was just in time to witness the landing of your amiable sister, that gang of cutthroats she keeps on the payroll, and Alan in company with as choice a crew of scoundrels as you'd care to see. I gathered from a few words that leaked out of the back door of the barroom, that it was as I had thought—Judith had stolen a boat from the ship that picked her up, and rammed it on Norton's reef; and after she gathered Alan in the schooner of these smugglers happened along, and she talked it and struck a bargain with the captain and signed co-partnership articles, or something like that. Any way, her lot and the islanders were now as thick as thieves, and tanking up so sociably that I actually got a chance to whisper a word to Alan and tell him you were all right, and that he'd find us both down here on the beach, if luck served him with an escape. That was all I got a chance to say, for Judith marched up just then and yanked him off to his cell. I mean to say, he's locked up now in a little room but on the edge of the cliff, with the door guarded and the window overlooking a sheer drop of thirty feet or so to the beach. When I'd seen that much I calculated it was about time for me to get quit of that neighborhood, before Mam'selle Judith nicked me with the evil eye."

"You don't think she saw you?" the girl cried.

"I don't think so," Barcus allowed gravely; and then, lifting his gaze, he added as he rose in a bound: "I just know she did—that's all."

In another instant he was battling might and main with three willing ruffians, who had come suddenly into view round a shoulder of rock; but his efforts were shortlived, foredoomed to failure. He was weakened with suffering and fatigue—and the three were fresh and had the courage at least of

their numbers. He was overborne in a twinkling, and had his face ground brutally into the sand while his hands were made fast with stout rope behind his back. And when he rose, it was to find, as he had anticipated, that Rose's resistance had been as futile as his own; she, too, was captive, her hands bound like his, the huge and unclean paw of one of Judith's crew cruelly clamped upon her shoulders.

They were granted time to exchange no more than one despairing glance when a curt laugh fairly chilled the blood in Mr. Barcus, and he swung sharply between his two guards to confront Judith Trine.

The woman he saw at first glance, was in one of her most dangerous moods—if, Barcus mentally qualified, there was a pin to choose between her moods. But now, beyond dispute, she exhibited a countenance new in his experience with her, and one well calculated to appall.

Her face was bloodless, even as her lips were white with the curb she put upon her passion. Her eyes were lurid with the glare of rage approaching mania. Her hands trembled, her lips quivered, all her actions were abrupt with nervousness.

He was by no means poor-spirited, but he shrank openly from the look she gave him, and was relieved when she, with a sneer, passed him by and planted herself squarely before her sister.

"Well!" she demanded brusquely. "How much longer do you think I'm going to tolerate your interference—you poor little fool! How many more lessons will you require before realizing that I mean to have my way, and that you'll cross me only to suffer for it?"

The courage of the other girl won the unstinted admiration of Mr. Barcus. Far from cowering, she seemed to find fresh heart in her sister's challenge. Her head was high, her glance level with illimitable contempt as she replied:

"So you've tried again?" she inquired obliquely, with a tone of pity. "You've offered him your love yet another time, have you?"

"Silence!" Judith cried in fury.

"Only to learn once more that he would rather die than you?" Rose persisted, unflinching. "And so you come to take your spite out on me, do you? You pitiful thing! Do you think I mind—knowing as I do now that he could never hold you in anything but compassion and contempt?"

For an instant there was silence; by the scorn of her sister the heat of Judith's fury had been transformed into a cold and malignant rage. She controlled herself and her voice marvelously.

"You will see," she said in even and frigid accents. And the light of her mania leaped and leaped again in her eyes like a living flame. "I have prepared a way to make you understand what opposition to me means . . ."

She waved a hand toward the nearer point of rocks. "Take them along," she commanded.

The understanding between her and her men was apparently complete; for these last, without hesitation or further instructions, marched Rose and Barcus down to the end of the spit and on, into the water.

It was nearly knee-deep before Barcus was halted with a savage jerk, backed up to a rock, forced despite his frenzied resistance to sit down in the water, and swiftly, with half a dozen



Already the Waters Had Risen Over an Inch.

deft hitches of rope and a stanch knot, made fast in that position—submerged to his chest.

This accomplished, the men turned attention to Rose, lashing her in similar wise at Barcus' side.

Standing just above the water-line, with every sign of complete calm and sanity other than that ominous flickering in her eyes, Judith superintended the business till its conclusion, then waved the men away.

Quietly, like well-trained servants, they turned their backs and marched off.

And again, after a brief wait, the woman laughed her short and mirthless laugh.

"The tide will be high," she said, "precisely at sunset. You may time your lives by that. When the sun dips into the sea, then will your lives go down with it."

She turned on her heel and strode swiftly away, with not so much as a backward glance, overtook her men, and passed quickly from sight around the farther point of rocks.

For some time Barcus struggled

vainly with his bonds. As for Rose, she wasted no strength in struggling—perhaps had none to waste. When he looked her way he saw her exquisite profile unmarred by any line of fear or doubt, sharply relieved against the darkness of the rising flood. Her level gaze without a tremor traversed the shining flood to its far horizon.

He noted that already the waters had risen more than an inch.

Humbled even in his terror by that radiant calm that dwelt upon her, he ventured diffidently: "Rose—Miss Trine—"

She turned her head and found the heart to smile. "Rose," she corrected gently.

"I'm sorry," he said—which was not at all what he had meant to say. "I've done my best. I suppose it's wrong to give up—but they've made it too much for me, this time."

"I know," she said gently. "You—he stammered—"you're not afraid?"

"There is nothing to fear," she said, "but death."

"Then," he said more bravely, after a time—the water now was near his chin—"good-by—good luck!"

"Not yet, dear friend," she returned, "not yet."

But the sun was perilously close upon the rim of the world. But a little time, and it would be night.

He closed his eyes to shut out the vision of its slow, implacable descent.

The water was now almost level with his lips; it seemed strange that



They Fought Like Madmen.

his throat could be so dry, so parched . . .

He opened his eyes, shuddering.

"It's good-by now," he faltered.

"Not yet!" her voice rang beside him, vibrant. "Look—up there—along the cliff!"

He lifted his gaze . . .

Two men were running along the cliff—and the man in the lead was Alan. But his lead was very scant, and the man who pursued was one of Judith's, and stuck to the trail like a blood-hound fresh from the leash.

And now the water was at his lips; Barcus could no more speak without strangling.

Of a sudden he groaned in his heart; though there was no passable way down the cliff, still the sight of his friend alive and unharmed had brought with it a thrill of hope; now that hope died as he saw Alan stumble and go to his knees.

Before he could rise the other was upon him, with the fury of a wolf seeking the throat of a stag.

For an instant they fought like madmen; then, in a trice, the sky line of the cliff was empty; one or the other had tripped and fallen over the brink, and falling had retained hold of his enemy and carried him down as well.

By no chance, Barcus told himself, could either escape unharmed.

Yet, to his amazement, he saw one man break from the other's embrace and rise. And he who lay still, a crumpled, inhuman heap upon the sands, was Judith's man.

With a violent effort Barcus lifted his mouth above water and shrieked: "Alan! Alan! Help! Here—at the end of the point—in the water—help!"

A precious minute was lost before Alan discovered their two heads, so barely above that swiftly rising flood.

Then he ran toward them as he had never run before, and as he came whipped out a jack-knife and freed its blade.

Even so—since it was, of course, Rose whom Alan freed the first—Barcus was half-drowned before Alan helped him in turn up to the beach.

And as this happened the last blood-red rim of the sun was washed under by the waves.

Two minutes later the lifeboat was afloat, and Mr. Barcus, already recovered, was laboring with the flywheel of the motor, stimulated to supreme exertion by the sight of a party, led by

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Judith, racing madly down the beach.

But it was not until well out from shore and on the way to the safety promised by the mainland—now readily discernible on the horizon—that any one of them found time for speech.

Then Mr. Barcus straightened up from his assiduous attentions to the motor, and observed:

"You bear a charmed life, my adventurous friend. I want to tell you that when I saw you go over that cliff I made up my mind your usefulness would be at least permanently impaired. As it is, I don't mind telling you that if ever I get out of this affair alive, I'm going to have a try at your life myself, just once, for luck!"

(Cont. next week.)

**NOTE:** The foregoing chapters will be shown in moving pictures at the Crystal Theatre tomorrow (Friday) night.

**PAY YOUR TAXES.**

Pay your state, county and school taxes now and avoid penalty. Books are at my office over Hickman Bank & Trust Co.

Respectfully,

Bailey Huddleston,

Sheriff and tax collector

Among the visitors from Hickman who attended the dance in the city Thursday evening were Messrs. Edward Prather, Gus Alexander, Clarence Reed, Lon Naylor and D. P. Leibovitz. — Fulton Leader.

## THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an optimism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

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In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

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**KIN HUBBARD'S HUMOR**

Frank McKinney Hubbard, caricaturist and humorist of Indianapolis, has written many clever bits of philosophy. Here are a few examples:

Don't worry over trouble. It never broke a date yet.

A loafer must feel funny when a holiday comes along.

One good thing about a little town—you kin git in th' band.

Some folks don't seem t' have nothing but a lot o' information.

Ther' hain't nothin' a woman likes better'n havin' somethin' charged.

Somebody was seen comin' out o' our Carnegie library Wednesday forenoon.

People that blurt out just what they think wouldn't be so bad if they thought.

Th' only time some fellers ever dig in the garden is jist before they go a fishin'.

A feller never knows what he would o' done till he's been married a couple o' years.

Nothin' sounds as good as your wife's singin', whether she knows how or not.

Th' trouble with banquets is that they set you so close t'gether it knocks th' peas off your knife.

Some fellers wear a suit o' clothes so long they're in style two or three times without knowin' it.

**SOME POSTSCRIPTS**

With a new cylindrical oven for gas stoves which has a removable shelf it is possible to bake, roast or fry.

Compressed air apparatus has been invented for threading cord through conduits for use in installing wires.

London educational authorities have decided to place motion picture machines in a number of public schools.

The always mysterious Dead sea in Palestine is providing a new puzzle for scientists, as it seems to be drying up.

Simple apparatus for disinfecting by steam that a Frenchman has invented boils the water with an alcohol lamp.

Weight for weight, according to an English scientist, macaroni is as valuable a flesh building food as beef or mutton.

A new fly trap, made of paper and cotton netting, is intended to be burned with its captives when filled with flies.

For gathering flowers or fruit an Iowa man has invented a knife carried on a tube to be slipped over one finger.—Houston Post.

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Snowdrift hard in 30s, 40s, and 70s pairs at Bettersworth & Ezell's.

## A FAMOUS TOAST.

Here is a toast that I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know—

To the fellow who's going to take my place when it's time for me to go.

I've wondered what sort of a chap he'll be, and I've wished I could take his hand, just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man," in a way that he'd understand.

I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times to hear;

I'd like to give him the warm handclasp whenever a friend comes near.

I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work and I wish I could pass it on.

To the fellow who'll come to take my place, some day when I am gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made, and note all the battles lost?

Will he ever guess of the tears they caused, or the heartaches which they cost?

Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil to the underlying plan,

And catch a glimpse of the real intent and the heart of the vanquished man?—Enechange.

**Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly**

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

J. D. Keeton and Miss Effie Davis, a fine young couple from Reelfoot Lake, drove to Union City last Tuesday and were united in marriage in County Court Clerk Talley's office. W. C. Morris tying the knot with his usual oleaginous felicitousness. — Union City News-Banner.

Subscribe for the Courier.

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## HUSBAND RESCUED

### DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good. I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of wonderful success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "How to Treat Women," sent in plain wrapper. 10c.

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